

THE HOUSE ON THE ISLAND

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER XI. Continued.

"Yes, but I had to wait till the tide served, miss, dear."

Jacqueline took the faithful girl's hand and pressed it silently. Vic turned from the cave fire and started on her errand.

She splashed through the channel and plunged into the low, thick weed beyond. When she came in sight of the stone house a light was still burning in Mrs. Trevor's chamber.

"Is the poor lady there, I wonder?" thought Vic.

Cautiously she skirted the beach, but nowhere discovered life or movement. The mournful moon was wading through torn clouds. At the pier lay the sloop, darkly outlined in the uncertain light. Like a cat, Vic crept along the uneven ground to Vic Raby's hut.

The place was black and silent. A muffled sound of snoring issued from within. The door was without a lock—who on Deadman's Island would molest the skipper? Vic lifted the latch. It clicked slightly and her heart seemed to stop beating. Furtively she looked into the hut.

In the bunk against the wall lay the skipper. His stertorous breathing testified to the depths of his slumbers. Vic noted a cloth spread carefully over his face—plainly his wounds were not yet healed. On a stool beside the bunk lay a loaded pistol. It seemed that Mr. Raby did not altogether trust his friends. The moonlight, stealing through the window, showed the remnants of a supper left on the table—fish, potatoes and a loaf of bread. Vic stole to the bunk—her hand closed upon the pistol—she slipped it into the pocket of her gown. Then she gathered up the food from the table. The slightest sound would have aroused the sleeper, but Vic made no sound. She knew her business. On her silence more than one life depended. She glided like a shadow, out of the hut and noiselessly closed the door behind her.

Thus far all was well. But, looking toward the stone house, Vic saw the light still burning in Mrs. Trevor's chamber, and she promptly fired her pistol. The light went out. She must know if the poor lady was there—if she stood in need of help—she must carry some news of her back to the cave! Vic ran along the rocky road to that irresistible light. Gathering up some small pebbles, she flung them against Mrs. Trevor's window. The curtain seemed to sway a little, but no one looked forth. She was stooping for a second handful, when some one grasped her shoulder rudely.

"What are you doing?" demanded an angry voice.

Vic lifted herself and looked straight into the eyes of Philip Trevor.

She was fairly caught! The little stones, flung to invoke a sight of Mrs. Trevor, had brought upon her the man whom she feared above all others on Deadman's Island. Even in that first terrified moment she saw that his appearance was harried and distraught. His face, in the moonlight, seemed worn, lean, cadaverous. His old elegance of figure and bearing had entirely disappeared. He gave her a rough shake.

"Ha!" he said, "this is the girl who ran away from my house with Miss Hatton."

Vic rallied bravely.

"Yes, I did leave rather sudden, sir," she answered; "I didn't even stop for my money—you owe me a month's pay. This is Mrs. Trevor's window—is she in her chamber, sir? I want to speak to her."

He glanced furtively up at the light, then pushed Vic smartly around a corner of the house.

"Do you?" he said, grimly; "curse your impudence! Mrs. Trevor receives no visitors. This way—our voices may disturb her. Now, where are you hiding with Miss Hatton?"

"In a good place, sir."

"On the island?"

"Yes, we can't get off it without fins—we've no boat. Besides, you sent Peter to tell the young lady you wanted to see her again. She's going to give you another interview."

He started violently.

"I sent Peter? Never!"

"He brought the message—I heard it myself. He said you were ready to settle with Miss Hatton on her own terms."

Trevor let fall an imprecation.

"I have given Peter no messages. Fool! Did that girl think I locked her in her room—that I tried to keep her on Deadman's? If she returns to this house it will be at her peril!"

Vic grinned provokingly.

"It's likely Miss Hatton supposed the master was responsible for the man. Anyway, she'll be sure to come. Say, how's Peter's arm, sir?"

Trevor glowered at her in the moonlight.

"Who battered the fellow in that way? Not you—though I know you to be a brazen creature."

"No," replied Vic, modestly. "I have dearly loved the job, but I wasn't equal to it. Didn't he tell you? Nor Joe, either? 'Twas done by a gentleman you know well, sir—Mr. George St. George."

Trevor unprepared, staggered back as if struck.

"That man is dead!"

"No, indeed!" corrected Vic. "Mr. St. George is alive and as well as you are. Yes," fixing her gaze on his hunted white face, "I might say a good deal better."

"You cursed girl! Peter and the skipper killed him and sent his body adrift in his own boat. I saw it done."

He came to Deadman's to carry Mrs. Trevor away—richly deserved his fate.

"You saw it?" said Vic; "you helped the ruffians? Well, well! But he's resurrected, sir. You'll soon get another view of him. He has some account to settle with you. There's now two people on the island bent on the same business—the girl that lost her money and the man that lost his wife."

The speech was prompted by an impish desire to goad the man who had overwhelmed Miss Hatton with trouble; but a cry escaped Trevor that made Vic quake.

"I tell you he is dead!" he fairly shouted. "Joe and Peter killed him. What rubbish are you talking?"

"He was shot and cut, but not killed," insisted Vic. "Miss Hatton and I have patched him up tolerably. I swear to you he's all right again, sir."

Trevor's face grew ghastly.

"He will murder me at sight!" he groaned.

"No doubt of it, sir."

He leaned against the wall of the house. Drops of sweat stood on his face, his legs seemed to bend under him.

"I care nothing about Miss Hatton," he muttered. "I can crush her with one hand. But St. George—my God! how a man's sins pursue him through the world! I had thought Deadman's Island safe from intrusion—I believed no enemy would reach me here; see how my stronghold has failed me! Vic, my good girl, do you need money? Yes, for you're a lover on the mainland and he is poor. Raby has a skiff at the pier—take it! You can manage a boat—you can help me if you will."

He tore a purse from his breast and tried to thrust it into her hand, but Vic repelled him.

"You want me to carry Mr. St. George off by force? Ha! Ha! His laughter rang shrilly on the night air. "You must be mad, sir. It would take more than Raby's skiff and your money to do that!"

"Keep quiet, you mocking little fiend! Do you want to rouse the house? I catch at straws, like a drowning man. If the boat was provided, might not St. George, of his own will, leave the island. I will not meet him—I cannot. I am afraid!"

Vic's nose took a contemptuous turn upward.

"Bah! No man should do wicked deeds if he has a coward's heart. The work requires courage."

"I do not deny it. Great God, my wife now loves me as little as she loved St. George. But she shall not leave me—no! our fates are indivisible. Once she swore to share my lot—she was willing and glad to do it—she shall never break her oath!"

A fierce, baffled passion spoke in his voice. Vic edged suddenly away from him. She had caught a glimpse of his gloomy, guilty heart and she was frightened. He did not seek to detain her—did not seem to perceive her movements. She left him leaning against the wall, his face as colorless as the moonlight that fell upon it, and taking to her heels, she never stopped till she had reached the shelter of the woods. Half an hour later she walked into the cave at Dragon's Nose, with her provisions and her story, and found Jacqueline still waiting by the little fire.

"Has he slept?" she whispered, with a gesture toward St. George. Jacqueline nodded.

"Here's something for his use when he meets the island men," said Vic, grimly, as she laid Raby's pistol beside the sleeper. "To think I should have to refuse the offer of a boat to-night and a purse of money! Oh, Mr. Trevor is awfully scared—I'm sure he's going crazy!"

In low whispers the two girls discussed the matter, then Jacqueline said:

"It is very late and we are unspeakably tired. Come, now, Vic, and sleep in peace. In the morning you shall tell this new adventure to Mr. St. George."

Together they made a rough couch by the fire and lay down to rest. The last embers winked like solemn eyes; the walls of the cave the night wind whispered mournfully in the cedars. Vic's face was turned from her companion, but she breathed too lightly for slumber. Many disquieting thoughts crowded upon Jacqueline, for while she also retained consciousness, but weary nature conquered at last. She fell asleep.

A glorified dream came to her. She was wandering with St. George in a green, Cornish lane, full of primrose and hawthorne. She could hear from afar the wash of the sea on the cliffs. He was calling her name tenderly, like a lover. But no! that was not St. George's voice. Some one caught her arm—shook it with insistence.

"Miss Hatton!" said Vic, "wake—do wake! I hate to disturb you, but I'm very sure something dreadful is happening!"

CHAPTER XII.

Jacqueline sprang to her feet. A glance at the corner showed her that St. George had not stirred. Vic drew her hurriedly out of the cave.

The night was fast waning, the moon hung low over the sea. But in the sky, above the main island, a great red light soared and fell—turned from moon to star. It brightened the darkness to noon-day, and like some enormous beacon, cast a fierce, sinister glare far out upon the trackless waste of waters.

"What can it be?" said Jacqueline.

"Something's afoot!" answered Vic.

"Either the sloop, of the stone house—I'll soon know which."

"I must go with you," said Jacqueline.

"Then put on your hat and coat, miss. The tide serves and we can safely leave Mr. St. George for a little while."

Jacqueline hurried to the cave for her outer garments. Still St. George had not moved. She found herself trembling for no apparent cause. The very air seemed charged with terror. That appalling glare in the sky struck consternation even to Vic's fearless heart. The two crossed the channel and entered the evergreen thickets. Soon the sheep tracks became so narrow and difficult they could only proceed singly. Vic led; Impelled by laward misgivings, and by that terrible light overhead, her long legs measured off the ground with amazing swiftness.

"Oh, Vic, wait a little!" pleaded Jacqueline, but Vic was already beyond earshot.

Unable to keep pace with her fleet-footed companion, Jacqueline made her way along the tortuous paths as best she could till she came to a swamp, which she felt very sure must be crossed. For a few yards the ground remained firm, then suddenly she began to sink. She cried out in fear:

"Vic—oh, Vic!"

"Vic, now far in advance, did not hear; but from the wood behind a voice shouted:

"Halloo!" and St. George dashed into the swamp, caught Jacqueline around the waist and dragged her to solid ground. She looked at him in dismay.

"You!" she said. "Oh, this is delirium again!"

"Not at all—at least, not of the kind you mean!" he answered. "So you thought to leave me sleeping? No! I awoke in the nick of time. That light in the sky was shining into the cave. I knew you had gone to investigate, and I followed."

"I have lost Vic," said Jacqueline, in sudden embarrassment. "We set forth together, but she outstripped me."

"Lean upon me," he entreated, with an unconscious tenderness creeping into his voice. "These are rough ways for you to travel—rougher than a Cornish hedge," and he smiled at the memory aroused by the words.

"Evidently there is mischief abroad on this island—I am glad I overtook you."

Jacqueline was glad also, but she did not acknowledge it.

"Did you find Joe Raby's pistol, which Vic purloined, and left you for self-defence?" she asked.

"A weapon of that sort fell out of my blanket as I started up to follow you," said St. George. "It went off like dynamite. Just powers! I assure you I jumped a yard. And so I owe the fright I got to our admirably Vic?"

He looked so bright and merry, so unlike a hurt and haunted man, that Jacqueline laughed with him. They stood together in the wilderness, in the wee sma' hours of the morning—all things made visible around them by that mysterious light, but with the silence of death reigning on every side. St. George looked at the fair woman before him, and it was in his heart to open wide his arms and snatch her to his breast; but something seemed to crowd between them—to thrust them apart—a pale, ghostly shape, with yellow hair—the mother of his child! Instantly his face became like a stone mask.

"Let us hurry after Vic," said Jacqueline.

"Yes—it is time!" muttered St. George, and they resumed their journey through the woods.

"Have you any knowledge of these various paths?" he asked.

"They are made by sheep and cattle," she answered, "and lead, every one, to the vicinity of the stone house—as all roads do to Rome."

"Then keep close to me—you must not lose yourself again."

As they went on the angry crimson in the sky began to wane—to flicker irresolutely—to leap up and sink low. The fire was dying. St. George stooped his square shoulders to the sheep lairs that pierced the dense thickets, and often turned back to Jacqueline's help when she stumbled in the ravines or was caught and held fast by the scraggy boughs that barred the way on every hand. Silence had fallen between them.

To be Continued.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. W. W. WILSON.

Theme: Divine Guidance.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—At the DeKalb Avenue M. E. Church Sunday morning the pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. W. Wilson, preached an appropriate sermon on "Divine Guidance." The text was from Deuteronomy 32:2: "As the eagle stirreth up her nest, stretcheth over her young, spreadeth her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him." Dr. Wilson said:

It was a supreme moment in the history of Israel when Moses, their law-giver and leader, was about to be taken from them. Standing at the base of the mountain, to whose summit God had called him and from which he was to receive a view of the promised land, ere he was gathered to his fathers, he collected the people about him and proceeded to deliver to them his farewell address, words ever fraught with greatest interest to the hearer. At the close of his address he broke forth in a spontaneous song, one of the richest and sublimest climaxes of which is the one of the text.

It is supposed that the habits of the eagle were noticed and studied by Moses in his life in Midian, and that as he reviewed the history of God's people he realized that the one was entirely appropos to the other. While following her motherly instinct she had with great care and labor prepared her nest, gathering a twig here and another there, a branch from this spot and another from that, each one requiring a separate flight to her distant and barren home, and although she had with the material furnished prepared it in the most careful manner, twining and interlarding it with herbs and twigs, providing for the comfort and convenience of her offspring, as well as for the security of the same, no vessel ever being more securely anchored amid the tempest than her nest against the eddying storms which swept her mountain home, yet when her offspring reached a sufficient size and gathered strength enough to sail forth and seek their own food, yet for fear of falling, or of hunger, inclined to remain, the same talons and beak that carefully provided the nest would ruthlessly tear it asunder and make it so positively uncomfortable that they were compelled to fly or if they still refused she would destroy the nest altogether—no nest being deemed as valuable as what it contained.

Just so with God in His dealing with His people Israel. The temptation was most real, because Jesus was most human and most hungry. The devil introduces his temptation as he did that of Eve in the garden, by suggesting a doubt of God's word (cf. ch. 3:17). Where would have been the harm in Jesus doing as Satan suggested? (1) It would have been to have doubted God's word and to have sought confirmation of it by a token (namely, His ability to perform this miracle). (2) It would have been to have taken Himself out from under those human conditions under which He had voluntarily placed Himself for our redemption (Phil. 2:8; Heb. 2:14). It would have involved the giving up of the redemption of man by a divine Person who had really become man. Many commit essentially the same sin to-day when they take themselves out from the sphere of sacrifice and suffering in which it is necessary that one who lives to have saving power with his fellow-men. (3) It would have been to have distrusted God. Jesus would rely upon God to supply His needs in lawful ways (comp. v. 4). Whenever we resort to unworthy means for the support either of self or of God's work, we are guilty of the same distrust. Jesus met every attack with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God" (Eph. 6:17). All of Christ's citations of Scripture are from one book, and that too, a book that the highest critics have made the most strenuous efforts to discredit (comp. Deut. 8:3; 16:16; 10:20). The devil can quote Scripture upon occasion. He is never more dangerous than when he quotes and misapplies Scripture. The devil omitted a very important clause in his quotations (see Ps. 91:11, 12). One needs to watch the devil's quotations of Scripture very closely. He is likely to quote nearly as it reads, but not just as it reads. Where would have been the wrong in Jesus' doing as Satan suggested? (1) It would have been to doubt God's word by making an experiment to see if it would come out as God said. It would have been tempting God (v. 7). This form of sin is very common. (2) It would have been a display of pride, a mere display of trust in God, when no end was to be accomplished by it. The devil appears at last in his true colors (v. 9). He would have the Son of God render to him that worship that belongs to God alone. Could the devil give what he promised? (Jno. 14:30). The anti-Christ will derive his power from him. Satan offered Jesus the dominion by another road than the cross. The temptation was real, but it was utterly ineffective when we seek that which God has for us by some other path than the one God appoints—via Calvary. The three temptations correspond to the three-fold temptation in Eden, and appeal "to the lust of the flesh," "the vainglory of life," and "the lust of the eyes" (cf. Gen. 3:6; 1 Jno. 2:16). Then the angels came and ministered unto Him. That was much better than eating bread made out of stones.

Got \$16,000 For "Salted" Mine.

A wealthy farmer of Argentine, France, lodged a complaint of fraud against Leon Goldsmith, alleged to be an American doctor, and to whom the plaintiff had advanced \$16,000 for an interest in a project to obtain gold from river sand. The peasant claims that Goldsmith placed in the river bed the samples of gold dust which he afterward recovered for exhibition. Goldsmith then disappeared.

New Head of Philippine Schools.

Professor Frank White has been appointed Director of Education for the Philippine Islands, to succeed Dr. Barrows, resigned. Mr. White has been Assistant Director of Education there for several years. He was raised in Nebraska, was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1900, and went to the Philippines in the following year.

At \$1 He Wins Bride or \$2.

William Turcks, eighty-one years of age, has returned to his farm, on the outskirts of Evanston, Ill., with a bride of eighty-two, with whom he eloped a week ago. She was Mrs. Caroline Weese, who became a widow a year ago.

The Sunday - School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 9.

Subject: The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus, Matt. 3:13-17; 4:1-11—Commit Verses 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In that He hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." Heb. 2:18.

TIME.—A. D. 37. PLACE.—Bethany beyond Jordan and Wilderness.

EXPOSITION I. Jesus Baptized With Water and With the Holy Spirit, 3:13, 17. Jesus Himself, the Baptizer "with the holy spirit and fire," comes to John to be baptized with water. Could anything make more plain the great importance of water baptism? Jesus was baptized with water to "fulfill all righteousness." God commands water baptism as the form by which sinful man shall put away his sins and be born again. Jesus was not a sinner, but He took the sinner's place, was made sin for us (Rom. 8:3; 2 Cor. 5:21) at Jordan ("the water") and Calvary ("the blood"). (Comp. 1 Jno. 5:6; R. V.)

The two occasions on which Jesus testified to the Sonship of Jesus was here, when He humbled Himself to take the sinner's place in baptism, and when on the Mount of Transfiguration He humbled Himself by turning His back on the glory that was then becoming His, to come back and take the sinner's place on the cross (cf. Luke 9:31, 35; Phil. 2:6-8, 9). That God thus spoke is settled by competent testimony and is conclusive proof of the divinity of Jesus.

II. Jesus Tempted in All Points Like as We Are, Yet Without Sin, 1:1-11. The temptation of Jesus followed immediately upon His baptism with the Holy Spirit (comp. ch. 3:16, 17; Luke 3:21, 22; 4:1, 14, 18; 10:38). It was the Holy Spirit who led Jesus up to be tempted by the devil (cf. Mk. 1:12). The temptation was a necessary preparation for Christ's work, just as necessary as the baptism with the Holy Spirit (Heb. 2:17, 18; 4:15, 16). The temptation was most real, because Jesus was most human and most hungry. The devil introduces his temptation as he did that of Eve in the garden, by suggesting a doubt of God's word (cf. ch. 3:17). Where would have been the harm in Jesus doing as Satan suggested? (1) It would have been to have doubted God's word and to have sought confirmation of it by a token (namely, His ability to perform this miracle). (2) It would have been to have taken Himself out from under those human conditions under which He had voluntarily placed Himself for our redemption (Phil. 2:8; Heb. 2:14). It would have involved the giving up of the redemption of man by a divine Person who had really become man. Many commit essentially the same sin to-day when they take themselves out from the sphere of sacrifice and suffering in which it is necessary that one who lives to have saving power with his fellow-men. (3) It would have been to have distrusted God. Jesus would rely upon God to supply His needs in lawful ways (comp. v. 4). Whenever we resort to unworthy means for the support either of self or of God's work, we are guilty of the same distrust. Jesus met every attack with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God" (Eph. 6:17). All of Christ's citations of Scripture are from one book, and that too, a book that the highest critics have made the most strenuous efforts to discredit (comp. Deut. 8:3; 16:16; 10:20). The devil can quote Scripture upon occasion. He is never more dangerous than when he quotes and misapplies Scripture. The devil omitted a very important clause in his quotations (see Ps. 91:11, 12). One needs to watch the devil's quotations of Scripture very closely. He is likely to quote nearly as it reads, but not just as it reads. Where would have been the wrong in Jesus' doing as Satan suggested? (1) It would have been to doubt God's word by making an experiment to see if it would come out as God said. It would have been tempting God (v. 7). This form of sin is very common. (2) It would have been a display of pride, a mere display of trust in God, when no end was to be accomplished by it. The devil appears at last in his true colors (v. 9). He would have the Son of God render to him that worship that belongs to God alone. Could the devil give what he promised? (Jno. 14:30). The anti-Christ will derive his power from him. Satan offered Jesus the dominion by another road than the cross. The temptation was real, but it was utterly ineffective when we seek that which God has for us by some other path than the one God appoints—via Calvary. The three temptations correspond to the three-fold temptation in Eden, and appeal "to the lust of the flesh," "the vainglory of life," and "the lust of the eyes" (cf. Gen. 3:6; 1 Jno. 2:16). Then the angels came and ministered unto Him. That was much better than eating bread made out of stones.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST DRINK

PROGRESS MADE BY CHAMPIONS FIGHTING THE RUM DEMON.

Church's Unrelenting War on Rum.

The Rev. James M. Reardon, of St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., writes as follows in the Home Herald: "The Catholic Church has often been accused of courting an alliance with the saloon. We challenge any one to adduce a particle of evidence in support of this infamous calumny. Unfortunately many members of the fold are engaged in this soul-destroying business, and many more are victims of its ruthless sway. By reason of this the church has been placed in a false position before the world, and in order to set herself right and remove every cause for even the slightest misunderstanding regarding her attitude toward the drink evil, she has in her official utterances and in her practices, not less than in her solemn decrees, declared unrelenting warfare against it and made her position known in no uncertain terms. In the decrees promulgated by the Plenary Councils of Baltimore, the Philadelphia Council, and the Plenary Council of Baltimore, the Catholic Church legislated for pastors and people, and made known her attitude toward the drink traffic and the vice of intemperance. 'There can be no manner of doubt,' she says, 'that the abuse of intoxicating liquors is to be reckoned among the most deplorable evils of the country.'

Furthermore, while the selling of liquor is not deemed to be unlawful in itself, Catholics engaged in it are urged to choose 'a more becoming way of making a living,' and if they do not heed the warning voice of the Church in this matter and persist in dispensing alcoholic beverages to the public, they expose themselves to grave personal dangers, besides constituting themselves occasions of sin to others. 'The Church must,' says the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, 'close their saloons closed on Sunday and never allow blasphemy, cursing or obscene language. Saloonkeepers should know that if through their culpable neglect, religion is brought into contempt or men brought to ruin, there is an avenger in heaven who will surely exact from them the severest penalties.'

But if, notwithstanding this solemn admonition, Catholics persist in this unbecoming business and 'give occasion to excessive drinking, especially on Sundays,' pastors are exhorted to inflict on them the severe penalty of exclusion from the sacraments. The profanation of the Lord's Day by the sale of liquor and the frequenting of places where it is sold, is regarded as 'so prolific of evil results' that the bishops issued a special pastoral letter in condemnation of it. In the course of which they 'implore all Catholics for the love of God and of country, never to take part in the Sunday traffic, not to patronize or countenance it. And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all of their flocks who may be engaged in the sale of liquor, to abandon as soon as they can this dangerous traffic. In view of all this delicate legislation, who will dare to assert that the Catholic Church is the friend of the saloon? Could she more forcibly or in stronger terms, express her abhorrence of the nefarious traffic?

We need to hear once more in our day a fearless denunciation of the liquor traffic from the lips of our appointed leaders, and thus receive the assurance that they will not hesitate to blaze the trail along which we are to walk; that they will never lower the flag until this enemy of human peace and national progress ceases to mar the land. The Church in America, to be faithful to her mission, must guide and direct into the proper channel the great moral revolution ushered in by the twentieth century. She must continue to be in the van of the forces of righteousness which make for temperance reform. She must not seek, much less accept, favors from the foe. Through her leaders she must bring to bear upon the problems which agitate humanity the light of her traditional wisdom.

Heavy Fire on Sunday Saloons.

While in nowise mitigating the evil of the weekday saloon, the Sunday saloon was singled out for withering fire by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois. It was declared a desecration of the Sabbath which should be eliminated absolutely. The findings of the Supreme Court of Illinois were quoted and used in declaring that saloons have no moral right to exist, and that humankind has no inherent right to deal in liquor.

The corrupt politician who thrives through or under cover of the saloon came in for a lashing in the general discussion, his existence being traced largely to the existence of the saloon. The Catholic who stands behind a saloon bar and who stands behind a saloon bar and who stands behind a saloon bar, was castigated specifically, and Catholic women were urged to stand together to fight the influence of Chicago's 7000 saloons.—Chicago Tribune.

Worst Form of Slavery.

"If all the men in all the churches that have officially arrayed themselves against the liquor power were to regard themselves as under sacred obligation to put the policy of their respective churches into immediate operation, the tyranny and debauchery of the American saloon would be ended speedily," declares the Epworth Herald. "The Nation would be set free from the worst form of slavery that has ever afflicted the peoples of the world."

Temperance Notes.

The open saloon on Sunday means that on Monday the wives and children of laboring men will have less of wages and the saloons more.

Drink is wholly or largely responsible, either directly or indirectly, or through its inherited effects, for every fifth case of mental disease in Germany.

It is necessary to prevent the manufacture of drunkards as an infected person on the ground of humanity, for the sake of the community.—Dr. R. W. Brandthwait, England.

There is no man in the United States who is a better man to-day in principle or in life because of the open Sunday saloon.

Liquors, wines, ales and beers cannot be sold in original packages either at wholesale or retail, in the State of Tennessee, according to the assertion of District Attorney General Jeff McCann, of Davidson County.

The St. Louis Court of Appeals decided that a wine grower in local open territory in Missouri cannot sell wine of his own make on his own premises, except for sacramental purposes. The lower court was sustained.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

THE GREAT MOTHER.

There's healing in the sky she bends Above man's woe, and certain heads And tongues, growing things repeat. The blessing she hath said For all her sons, but most for him Who listens unto her. To learn the secrets she entrusts Her silent worshiper.

She heals the wounds we could not cure Of things long hidden in our hearts. She stills the sorrows we had thought Would rend our hearts in twain, And when for us the day is done, Her eyes the vigil keep. An Her brown arms fold us to her heart, And sheltered so we sleep.

We sleep, ah yes, and subtle hints Of things long hidden in our hearts. Stir in our dust-born souls the dream Of worlds and life to be. For, taught of her, the childlike heart Deems not the ascending stair Of human life an arduous task. To night and empty air.—Charles Tilden Semper, in Youth's Companion.

True Liberty.

Being made free from sin, we became the servants of righteousness.—Rom. 6:18.

St. Paul speaks of the Romans as of those who had been servants of sin, but had been delivered of this servitude and brought to the glorious liberty of the children of God. All that are born of the flesh are naturally servants of sin. To acknowledge that is the beginning of true liberty. Owing to the fact that the servitude of sin wraps itself in the garb of liberty it is not so easy to distinguish true and false liberty, and many are deceived by looking only at the outward appearance.

True liberty is righteousness. Sin is offering up the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them to those who will fall down and worship it, and many a miserable slave of sin who under its uncompromising tyranny finds no time to seek the glorious liberty of the children of God thinks himself free and independent because sin allows him to sow to the flesh, to follow his natural inclinations and passions, and to do what he pleases. Justified, his love will limit the exercise of his freedom to a much larger measure than could ever be attempted by law. Many a thing which no law forbids, which he is at liberty to partake, a Christian will not touch, because in his individual case it might harm body or soul in the course of time, or it might offend a fellow believer. Christian liberty is not a license to do what we please, but a desire to do what is expedient.

Nothing may hinder us from going into a coal mine dressed all in white, but how we will come out again is a different question. Likewise, nothing may hinder us to walk in the counsel of the ungodly and stand in the white robe of Christ's righteousness, but who can tell how well some backslider's "Thy will, O God, I desire to do what is expedient," not as fools, but as wise, "lest the golden crown of freedom be transformed into the iron chain of sin. But where do we find true liberty in this sin-bound world? The greatest Liberator and Emancipator, says, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." In Him who took upon Him the form of a servant, who became obedient unto death, even death on a cross, we find the power of the power of the devil, we find true liberty, and the more we become like Him the more we become free from sin and servants of righteousness.

May God help our people to strive after true liberty, so that it may become true also in a Christian sense that immortal phrase of our constitution, that every man was able to rest free and independent.—Ernest A. Tappan.

Pastor Washington Heights Evangelical Lutheran Church, in Sunday Herald.

God Must Be All in All.

It is when God's glory is reflected back to Him, not merely from a kingdom of ideas, but from a kingdom of actual spirits, a kingdom of souls, all united together in Christ, and all united together in the glory of the eternal power and godhead of God, but also of His saving grace, and then only, that the divine blessedness becomes in the full sense perfect. It then for the first time becomes perfect, in so far as it is the will of God not merely to rest in His eternal majesty, for in this the Triune God was able to rest independently of the world before the foundation of the world were laid; but to rest and be blessed in the completed work of grace and love, in the glorious liberty of the children of God—a good which will not be reached until in the words of the Apostle Paul, "God shall be all in all." Then, first, in the new economy, in the new heavens and the new earth, will the glory of the Triune God be perfectly revealed—the glory which is reflected from His perfect communication of love to the creature.—Martensen.

Success of Christianity.

Infidelity and unbelief, often clad in a new dress to escape suspicion, follow sullenly in the wake of the church, thus tacitly acknowledging its vigor and its triumph.—Rev. Charles P. Wood.

The Best in Life.

No matter what may befall human life, the important of what is best in life will ever be the family and what its personal relations lead us toward.—Rev. John L. Elliott.

Man's Failure.

Christ proclaimed the truth of the Mosaic system. Man's failure to apprehend the truth has always interfered with man's progress.—Rev. C. Ross Baker.

Saw Him Eating Tacks.

Mrs. Terrance O'Grady, who was Miss Gertrude Arnold, of St. Louis, Mo., and is now the wife of the "human ostrich," says she fell in love with O'Grady when she saw him eating tacks at one of his exhibitions. "I thought I would like to cook for a man like that," she said. "He can't fuss at what I prepare for the table." The couple were married by Justice Martin Moore. Mrs. O'Grady says her husband has promised to teach her the art of eating tacks and glass.

Remarried After Fifteen Years.

Barnett Spyder and his former wife, divorced fifteen years ago, were remarried in Brooklyn N. Y.